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NUMBER 3

THE WEEK		51
PERIL AND TOIL	J. L. Benvenisti	54
WAR CHAPLAIN IN BREST	W. A. Maguire	57
THE WEED CUTTER (<i>Verse</i>)	Daniel Smythe	59
A PLEA FOR WAR AIMS	Georges Bernanos	59
VIEWS AND REVIEWS	Michael Williams	61
COMMUNICATIONS		61
THE SCREEN	Philip T. Hartung	62
BOOKS OF THE WEEK		63
<i>America's Strategy in World Politics—And Down the Days—Payment Deferred—The Mass of Brother Michel—Jefferson—In No Strange Land—Psychoanalytical Method and the Doctrine of Freud—The Great Republic—The Dictionary of Philosophy—For Hilaire Belloc</i>		
THE INNER FORUM		69

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Inflation and War Aims

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S message to Congress, his address to the people, and the drastic price control measures announced by Leon Henderson all concentrate national attention on inflation: the cause and symptom of the principal domestic economic enemy. The nation must applaud vigorous steps taken by the government to suppress a truly anarchistic spiral of runaway prices, unhinged money values, haphazardly shifting property ownership.

The President does not believe it takes an economics professor to see the basis of the projected action along a threefold front. First, those who produce are to bring to the market and to the maw of the war machine the maximum amount of goods. In this direction, the government is taking increased responsibility. Priorities, rationing, labor placement, even direct management, are now more and more government undertakings. But still business and labor are chiefly responsible for producing the goods for the war machine and for the domestic market. The more goods that can be bought by the people, the less pressure there is for price inflation. Secondly, the money available and actually used to bid for goods must be kept to a minimum. The government acts directly in this through its taxes, its control of credit, the opportunities it presents for saving and the buying of bonds. That money is taken off the market. The action of the individual, how-

ever, is in this phase, too, of tremendous importance, especially so long as the state refrains from imposing forced loans, obligatory savings and straight confiscations. Third, in directly checking price rises, we see by the Henderson, May 18, program how tremendously broad the action of government is going to be. But here again, the individual has power in his own transactions to affect price levels by his own actions: the official freezing process cannot easily be complete.

In all this work against inflation, there is governmental direct positive action, and there is personal, individual action. The people must will to check inflation in order to accomplish it, and their economic activity which is not immediately subject to law must be motivated by the urge to carry out the total program of economic defense. The inner will of the people and the national program must correspond. In order to achieve total effectiveness, this correspondence of will is needed in addition to public acquiescence in the checks and controls and management which the government itself undertakes.

Therefore, in waging total war, a state will certainly try to govern and mould the will and inner urge of the people. The more total the war effectiveness of the country must be, the more urgently will the government attempt to totalize the state of mind of the people. This fact is reflected in that part of the Fireside Chat which warns:

This great war effort must be carried through to its victorious conclusion by the indomitable will and determination of the people. . . .

It must not be impeded by those who pervert honest criticism . . . by self-styled experts . . . by bogus patriots by the handful of noisy traitors . . .

The horrible thing about totalitarianism is fundamentally the forcing of spirits, the tyrannous effort to enter by force into the personal soul, the cruel demand that individuals conform their very thoughts, ideals and desires to the dictum of those in power. Control of the material economy is not the hard thing. In the United States it is certainly not the purpose of our administration or government or nation to bring that spiritual havoc on our people. First, this country is so powerful and well situated that it has a somewhat greater leeway of safety than the enemies who conjured up this system of total warfare: we probably don't have to be so horribly total as Japan and Germany in order to exert a force adequate to check them. Second, our people are moulded by years, traditions, beliefs and laws, so that the maximum effective force can no doubt be reached with a great deal less than the maximum possible imposed *Gleichanschauung*. Most important, we are dedicated to the idea of freedom, that responsible conviction and not external force must be the basis of any agreement among

ST. CHARLES SEMINARY^[51]

CATHOLIC CITY

ourselves. The government cannot, without betraying everything, force the conscience of the people; it cannot govern with its power what citizens desire.

The fight against inflation and what it stands for requires personal choices by individuals dictated by their inner urge to cooperate with the national program. The tyrannical method would be to try to force those private choices and compel that inner urge and cut down every deviation. A free method would persuade, educate and convert the people. A free method would work to show forth clearly the program which corresponded in truth with the best conscience and intelligence of the people, so that support for the program would be as it were spontaneous. This program to meet the paramount domestic problem of inflation leads directly to the point where so many of our international programs must quickly reach—to the nation's final peace objectives. Starting at the distant battlefield of Burma or at the corner grocery store, we are quickly face to face with the urgent necessity of elaborating ever more clearly and more correctly the nation's purposeful aims in this still untitled war.

Quebec Votes No

THE CANADIAN democracy, like our own, proceeded into the war by degrees. Americans will remember in a not too distant past a time when there were posters on the streets asking for volunteers: "Uncle Sam wants YOU!" Then a law was passed, the consent through which our armies are manned was no longer sought of the individual but of the collectivity acting through the Congress and this national consent subjected the individual to compulsion. The posters disappeared, the Draft Boards went to work. At first, also, we thought in terms of territorial defense, and then these terms broadened into a conception of hemispheric defense, and later the idea that the best defense lies in offensive action prevailed, and our effort is now applied wherever it is considered to be most effective. And here too laws kept pace with changing strategy—the laws and the strategy both contained potentially in a first, central decision to oppose the Axis powers.

Canada was in the war before we were in it and came to conscription before we did. But in obtaining conscription a pledge was given that the conscripted men would never be sent outside of Canada. Overseas service was voluntary. Up to the present it has continued to be voluntary. It cannot be said with any justice that this plan has failed—the Canadian war effort has been far more generous than most Americans realize—but as the war proceeds each of the units that together form the forces of the United Nations must have a definitely ascertainable volume and density. It

becomes more and more necessary to be able to measure and estimate all available man power in order that a unified strategy may be based on knowledge and certainty and not on hopes. In order to reach this precision, in order to know what Canadian forces are now available and what forces will be available in six months, in one year, in two years, and in order to have these forces available for service on any front where they may be needed, Prime Minister King has asked the Canadian people to give him, in a free plebiscite, the necessary powers. He has therefore asked to be released "from any past commitments restricting the methods of raising men for military service." From these commitments and from the uncertain situation as regards effectives which inevitably accompanied their existence, the Canadian Government is now released. By a vote of nearly two to one the Canadian people have accepted for themselves the condition generally shared by all nations involved in this total war. By an estimated majority of seventy-two percent the Province of Quebec dissents.

This refusal by the French Canadians must not be taken tragically. The Quebec vote is no manifestation of sympathy toward Canada's enemies; it is in no direct relation with what has occurred in France; it will not have any great effect on the sum total of Canada's participation in the war. It will make the application of the forthcoming draft laws a delicate task for Prime Minister King, but that task was delicate before the plebiscite, just as it was in the other war—Montreal rioted against a conscription law in 1918—and, in compensation the government now has the consent of the rest of the nation. In their stubborn insistence on their own identity, in their concentrated determination not to allow that identity to be submerged in the predominating Anglo-Saxon tone of Canada, the French Canadians are preserving that free regionalism for which the United Nations are fighting. In view of the historical difficulties that have attended this enduring effort of theirs to be themselves, one may condone the single track emphasis of their present attitude. That, in war time, it should be granted public expression is a tribute to the reality of Canadian democracy.

Russia and American Morale

THERE are moments in the latest speech of Adolf Hitler when his account of his forces' escape from the Russians and their "record" winter sounds like another Dunkirk. He thereby adds to the accumulated testimony about the vigor of the Russian resistance during the past five or six months. The American press day in and day out has, of course, overstressed the extent of the counter-offensive, but spokesmen for these companions-at-arms remain on firm ground when

they focus attention on Soviet military achievements. Courage is one of the leading attributes of this beleaguered people, who attract us in a number of ways. Reawakening of interest in such volumes as Tolstoy's "War and Peace" is to the good. And Americans must never forget that in addition to remarkable talents for the arts the Russian people have been noted for their deep religious feeling. We must not overlook the fact, either, that the Russian Revolution itself was in part a genuine popular revolt against social injustice and another tyrannical oppression.

But what are we to say of the flood of "information" about the Soviets currently being handed the American people from every conceivable direction—the lecturers who range the entire country, the lengthy Moscow and Kuybyshev propaganda dispatches in the ordinary daily paper and in various frenzied pressure journals, the Moscow war diaries and books on diplomatic and journalistic missions and the acceptance of such volumes at their face value by such prominent reviewers as Clifton Fadiman, end-man of "Information Please"? All this is intended to build up in the minds of the American people the picture of a great Soviet democracy of the American type, where religious freedom has been restored, tolerance abounds and spontaneous patriotic fervor and enthusiasm are at their zenith. It is a tissue of lies.

Truth is desirable for its own sake; no accumulation of expediences, no matter how great, justifies deliberate lying. And if this consideration no longer exerts much influence in our Machiavellian world, let the current propagandists recall the way the Belgian atrocity stories have come home to roost. Let them remember that American apathy about Europe and international responsibilities in the 30's was in large part due to the knowledge that the public had been so greatly deceived about war aims and atrocities in the years leading up to our entry into World War I. "You can fool some of the people . . ."

Finally, this grave deception may have the most tragic consequences in the shaping of the post-war world. If Soviet Russia is simply another, perhaps more advanced form of American democracy, as these publicists would have us believe, why would not a wide extension of the present Russian system provide an excellent solution for important problems of the peace? How many Americans who know the real character of the Stalin dictatorship can agree to that? The President in his radio speech gave them a clue when he said that "These Russian forces have destroyed and are destroying more armed power of our enemies . . . than all the United Nations put together." Is not this alone a solid enough basis for cooperation against a common enemy? Why surround it with an embroidery of such lies?

Food for Freedom Overseas

ELSEWHERE in this issue J. L. Benvenisti's article gives some indication of the intensity of the war effort in Britain's industrial sector. What is perhaps equally unknown in this country is the scope and success of the current British agricultural program. The present objective is to have 6,000,000 more acres under cultivation than there were before the war. Practically two-thirds of this objective had been attained a year ago and the plan is to achieve completion by the end of '42. One reason for such success is the utilization of 100,000 tractors as compared with the 5,000 tractors operating in Britain during the last war. The English are happy to point out that in seven months they have reclaimed nearly as much waste land as the Italians did in the Pontine Marshes in thirteen years. Despite the impulsion attributable to the war, this feat may well give the lie to the contention that when it comes to production the Fascists and other authoritarians are markedly superior to their less-regimented democratic contemporaries. If England becomes anywhere near self-sustaining in foodstuffs, it will have far-reaching effects well beyond the successful prosecution of the war. British economy will depend less on raw materials from the Empire and world wide markets for manufactured goods. And if families are properly settled on this newly cultivated soil there will be less dread of the post-war spectre of long years of debilitating unemployment.

Labor Reserve

PUBLIC DISCUSSION of the labor problem has recently had a rather more frantic tone than the facts seem to warrant. The situation is not really so tight that nerves should be drawn the way they seem to be. It even seems doubtful if we should prepare at this time to harness all our women to the plough. The United States has not yet reached a point anywhere near full utilization of available labor. W.P.A. statisticians have recently published figures for March, 1942, showing that there were then on the labor market 3,600,000 unemployed persons still looking for full-time jobs. In addition to this round number, they found that there are available 7,600,000 persons in the country who are potential full-time workers, although not actively in the market. They would come in if the appropriate job were offered at the right place. Still more, there are 5,700,000 such persons ready for part-time work; and 1,000,000 more potential workers for the summer months. Perhaps less fussing and fuming and more careful planning and administration by both business and government would result in fuller and more amiable production.

Peril and Toil

Shakespeare's
part in the war.

By J. L. Benvenisti

THINGS are at the moment going ill with us and our affairs are in mortal peril. We know that and we are holding on waiting for a turn in the tide of battle. By the time these lines are in print the first clashes of the huge coming conflict will already probably be audible, and I should like to tell you of the general spiritual background of the months we have been through, months of lull indeed, but also months of trial, of stress and even of frustration.

I have no doubt that the German military leaders thought that this time of relative military inactivity would sap our resolution, as the resolution of the French seems to have been sapped in the winter of 1939. If so they have very badly miscalculated. I do not say that there have not been symptoms of dissatisfaction and disquiet, because there have. Tension of the kind we have been through tends to produce a critical fault-finding attitude and a disposition in certain quarters to belittle and attack men who are making the best of a difficult job in extremely difficult circumstances. It is to be regretted that certain less responsible sections of the press have not scrupled to play up to that mood.

For instance (and I may as well get this off my chest here and now), there has been a great deal of criticism of the army and its leadership. I am unable to say whether any of it is justified, but I do know that a great deal of it is merely mischievous and silly.

Snobbishness

There is for example the allegation that social and snobbish considerations influence the selection of candidates for army commissions. Now I happen to know a little about this matter and I want you to accept my assurance that these particular stories are twaddle and lies.

There is a great deal in the social structure and social conditions of British life for which in these last few months we have been paying a bloody price, and perhaps later on I may have an opportunity of telling you just what I think it is. But the present method of selecting army officers has certainly no bearing on this matter, and reports of snobbery entering into this are not only untrue but the exact opposite of the truth. As a point of actual and crude fact the

Selection Boards which nominate candidates for cadetships are strictly forbidden to ask questions which might possibly be held to bear on the social or economic status of the candidate or his parents, and the consequence to any member of the Board who ignored those instructions would be very serious indeed.*

The truth of the matter is that this kind of story is the inevitable product of malaise and that we are going through a very difficult time. The war, though distant, is near enough for reverses to be intensely depressing, and there is, at the time these lines are written at any rate, no fighting to rouse us—only darkened streets and the rigors of rationing to keep our spirits down. In these circumstances it would be natural if we relapsed into a kind of apathy, yet we do not relapse. Some inner thing sustains us and keeps us grimly on the job. Many of us are in a kind of walking trance from overstrain and lack of sleep, but we go on.

I am not speaking idly here, for I have experienced these things in my own bones. I have been an industrial worker for the better part of a year, a great part of the time on night shift. 8:30 at night 'till 7:30 in the morning for six nights a week with two half-hour meal breaks. I have known that faint but horrible nausea that overtakes some of us between two and three o'clock, and what is almost worse, the strange subconscious anticipation of it just before you start work. I have known what it is to have crawled to the toilet for a few minutes just to rest a body that feels as if it were breaking into pieces. I have learned to value as a precious boon the chance to snatch a few moments' rest on a hard floor under a bench during a meal break. I have seen and experienced these things from the inside and if there is a lingering suspicion in your minds that we here in Britain—meaning the men in the workshops—are somehow not full out, I should most definitely like to reassure you. We have worked and are working our guts out.

* I happen also to know that the Adjutant General watches this matter with particular care and frequently attends the meetings of the Selection Boards in person to see that his wishes are observed. I have devoted some little space to this subject, because I am particularly anxious to knock this silly, ignorant, not to say malicious lie on the head.

We have worked to the last squeezed ounce of our strength and we are still working.

What is it that keeps us going?

Shakespeare

I suppose each of us has his own particular anodyne. In my own case it has, curiously enough, been Shakespeare. Indeed during all these tense months there has been a kind of dim organ music at the back of my mind and perhaps nothing else could have kept me sane.

Always it has been Shakespeare that has intruded himself at some moment of tension. For instance, I remember once when I had been taken from my lathe and put onto a devilish machine called a surface grinder. I will not weary you with the description of this apparatus. Suffice it to say that all you had to do with it was simply to watch a traveling grindstone make its way across a three-foot plate of steel and that it took the grindstone three-quarters of a mortal hour to make the trip. My job was to see that the grindstone was actually cutting the whole time and giving off the sparks that were the proof of its effectiveness and for nearly eleven solid hours a day there was nothing for me to do but watch that accursed contraption. It was a far worse trial than any physical effort and even half an hour of it nearly drove me insane.

After about an hour I found that my ear was attuned to the sparking, at least so I thought, so that I could tell whether the cut was effective or not simply by listening. I made up my mind to make the best of a bad business and to seek some avenue of escape. Well, I got hold during the dinner hour of a copy of Shakespeare's sonnets, tore them out page by page and wound the pages round one of my fingers, absorbing the poems line by line.

My plan worked. Shakespeare has an effect on me like no other poet; it is a physical effect. There is a quite definite stimulation of certain glands and I believe my heart beats faster. And all through that afternoon and the next day the real world seemed to recede as the great harmonies got to work within me, but my charge hand was a little puzzled when he came along to have a look around and I murmured vacantly to him:

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.

However, he was a kindly and understanding man and knew me well and he just shook his head.

Then there was that time when I had come home from night-shift and was experiencing that peculiar light-headedness that comes to some people when they go without regular sleep. I had looked at letters and papers and had a cup

of tea and then, as I sometimes do, dropped off in an armchair by the fire. I do not know what time it was when I woke up, but I reached out and switched the radio on, and there was a voice telling me that I was about to hear an old record of Ellen Terry reciting "The Quality of Mercy" speech from the Merchant of Venice.

I said "Oh, bother!" because like most people I have heard that speech a thousand times. But I was too tired to reach out again and switch off, and then suddenly there was Ellen Terry speaking from the dead and I knew that I had never really heard that speech before. It was like seeing a landscape lying in half light before sunrise, all dull and monochrome, and then suddenly the sun comes and its portions take on different colors, russet and green and purple with the white and red of cottages and farms. So in a flash the great words that I had thought hackneyed began to glow with a new and individual life. And then she came to the line

It is an attribute to God Himself.

It must have been fifteen or twenty years since I had read or heard that passage, but behind it now I felt the great world of Aquinas and the medievals, all those ancient foundations which still support our house, and which the enemy is battering.

Air raid poet

I suppose that this kind of thing is pretty individual, and yet here is evidence that other people have experienced something of this same urge for loveliness under rather similar stress. Some time ago in one of their broadcasts the British Broadcasting Corporation included a poem. The poem had been found in an air raid shelter and its author remains unknown. But (despite a weak last line) it so exactly expressed all that I had felt during this period that I would like to reproduce it here.

Beauty has ramparts nothing can destroy
So in this hour of stress one hails such things as these—
The thought of some green crest, remote, apart,
A pine that holds the wind against its heart
With that strange lovely solitude of trees—
Waters beneath the moon with tidal surge—
Loveliness speaking through the spate and scourge
And some faint echo of youth's ecstasies.

I had hungered for the power of great words, the unknown poet of the Air Raid Shelter for beauty in another mode, but it was the same impulse. And yet I doubt whether this sheer hunger for beauty, even if present on a fairly wide scale, can be regarded as a really sustaining element. So that I come back to the question that is implicit in all that I have just written. What is the spiritual thing that is keeping us going?

It is certainly not some political formula. Indeed, that phase, I think, is dying. You may remember perhaps that some little time ago we were all buzzing with Declaration of Human Rights and the like (I did a little in that line myself). But that phase has passed and I doubt whether today any but a very few people could tell you even the main points of the Atlantic Charter.

I have as a matter of fact for some time been trying to worry this thing out, and the other day I put some questions to the broadcasting people. Here by way of parenthesis let me tell you something perhaps not wholly unconnected with the subject in hand. Pretty well the high spot of the week is the "American Commentary" on Saturday night. The popularity of this feature is now tremendous. The reason is, I think, that we detect a certain salutary note of criticism and candor in these commentaries which we find intensely refreshing. There is no trace of soothing syrup about them and the absence of that, so far from being a depressing factor, is definitely stimulating.

And that brings me nearer to one of the answers to my question. It was given me by a person particularly well placed to gauge trends of popular feeling and it was, "We keep at it because we now know defeat is possible." That is, I am sure, quite true. Such a feeling was never present during the Blitz. During the Blitz we suffered, but the possibility of defeat never entered our heads.

Yet that is not the whole story and I again turn to broadcasting for a clue. I am authoritatively told that one of the biggest successes of all recent broadcasts was one that was done on General MacArthur and there I think you are getting to the heart of the matter. There is at the moment an overpowering thirst for the heroic. All the broadcasting peaks seem to touch this note. We want desperately to hear stories about our merchant seamen and the perils of convoy work. We are thrilled by what is done by our Commandos and we are somehow especially thrilled by stories they tell of the Russian Guerillas.

Russia

There is indeed no possible question but that the spiritual impact of the Russian fighting has been tremendous. I should say it was quite impossible to overestimate it.

The proof of that was given to me recently when I interrogated the head of what is perhaps our most important organization for gauging public opinion. I asked this gentleman the secret of the popularity of Sir Stafford Cripps who, as you know, was for a time our ambassador in Moscow. I suggested that it might be his com-

plete disassociation from all party ties, but he would not have it. He said quite simply, "Cripps has a hold on people's imagination because he has been to Russia." And I could not move him from that view. I immediately put the obvious question. "Do you think," I said, "that this tremendous enthusiasm for Russia has any political significance?" He replied, "There isn't a drop of political significance in the whole thing; politics don't enter into the matter." And here I am sure he was quite right. Russia has merely become for us a sort of Valhalla, a land of heroes that casts a kind of aura over anyone to whom its people have done honor.

I want to stress this point of the non-political character of this enthusiasm. The British worker has not so much a deep rooted aversion to communism as a complete indifference to the whole theoretical issue. To tell the truth he really does not know much about it, just as, strictly between ourselves, he does not know much about Europe. He certainly does not know that Europe even today is based on a peasant civilization. He does not in fact know, again strictly between ourselves, but quite certainly, what a peasant it. This is natural. He looks upon the Russian Revolution, so far as he thinks about it at all, as a row between the workers and the bosses and not as an issue between urban and peasant civilization, which it was.

But there are great human realities which stand out through all this mist of illusion. We are fighting the oldest of fights against the oldest of evils, and somehow in it there stands forth again the oldest of human glories. We have heard much of late of a new world order, of the four freedoms and the like. But it is not for things like these that we here are breaking our bodies and racking our hearts, but for something that fired the souls of men before Nineveh and Troy were heard of and that is older than all the charters of the world.

Heroism stands out like a flame today all over the world—in the Philippines, in China, in the Dutch East Indies—everywhere men have risen to the heroic status. Almost everywhere, however, there are organized armies fighting under the accepted discipline of war. But Russia especially appeals to us because we see the courage of simple folk fighting often in isolation (and that is what gets us) for their own homes and fighting on when everything that meant their little stake in life seemed destroyed and lost, and somehow in these simple ardent folk who for so many years endured in patience and bewilderment and who can rise on their own initiative in a crisis and show forth the full dignity of men we see something pathetically and appealingly like ourselves and we seek to be worthy of that example.

War Chaplain in Brest

Reminiscences from
the last world war.*

By W. A. Maguire

THE Breton patrol needed a chaplain at Brest, preferably one who spoke French. In March Admiral Sims ordered me "to proceed to Brest, France, via London, England. . . . On arrival to report to the Commander U. S. Naval Forces in France for such duty as may be assigned you."

One night at eleven, a small craft known as a "drifter" came alongside the *Texas* and took me to the British station ship where I was given a room for the night. From Thurso, Scotland, a train, carrying only navy personnel, made a quick run to London.

My fellow-passengers in the Channel steamer from Folkestone to Boulogne were Australian army officers. They were big, rugged fellows who, I thought, were a bit quiet and thoughtful. They had already fought in France and they knew what to expect after reading the *London Times* about the impending German drive.

On topside I noticed a great pile of seabags, the same shape as my smaller one. Carefully examining my collection of luggage I decided to keep an eye especially on the little seabag. It was the last I had packed. In it were souvenirs acquired in Belgium, my war passport and other odds and ends I treasured. But the bag was missing when I rounded up the other things at Boulogne.

Never expecting to see it again, I reported my loss to the authorities and boarded the train for Paris. Three years later, on board the *Idaho* in the Pacific Fleet, a letter reached me from Governor's Island, New York, stating that seabag No. 17830 had been turned over to the "Lost and Found Department" of the Army. I wired instructions and the little bag came back to me. It was black as ink from the booting it got behind the front lines of France. It bore dozens of leaden seals, and the address faintly stenciled in the middle, "American Forces, Brest, France." It took time, but the prodigal bag finally returned to its grateful owner.

* * *

March 9, 1918, was a typical, gloomy, overcast day in Brittany. Early that morning when the train arrived at Brest, I climbed down from my upper *courette*, where, in full uniform and heavy overcoat, I had spent a restless night. Placing undue confidence in my luck, I had given my pillow

and blanket to one of Chaplain Goldberg's men on the station platform in Paris. Goldberg had under his wing a group of sight-seeing transport sailors, and he was in quest of a blanket. Even with expert pantomime he was unable to make the porter understand. He lowered his head on the backs of his hands as though falling asleep and then drew up over his ears a blanket that was not there. All to no avail. I gave him mine. The porter had issued his last one. I slept in my clothes on the flat, hard *courette*; and the night was cold.

I registered for a room at Brest's Hotel Continental and reported to Vice Admiral Henry B. Wilson, Commander of Naval Forces in France, "for such duty as may be assigned you." His office was on the Place du Champ de Bataille. At Scapa Flow, Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman had told me about "Tug" Wilson, predicting, in his peculiar way, that I would find it interesting "sky-piloting up and down the coast of France" in the latter's command. Being prepared to brave it through with the brusque "Tug," I actually enjoyed my first interview with him.

Admiral Wilson was pacing his office when they announced me and he puffed on a long cigar. Greeting me cordially, he offered me a chair and something to smoke. But he quickly opened fire; he fairly bellowed, "Do you get along with the Y.M.C.A.?" I replied there was every reason to cooperate. "Your predecessor fought with them. I sent him home. I want you to get along with them. If they get tough, let me know. They're doing good work. You'll be base chaplain here. If you want to go to sea, the flag secretary will arrange. If the men don't go to church at first, don't get sore. Give 'em time to know you."

A voice came from the adjoining room. Commander John Halligan, the chief of staff, shouted, "They'll go to Mass, Father, I'll be there myself." His timely word of cheer reassured me. Years later, when John Halligan was an admiral, I reminded him of that helpful speech.

Admiral Wilson had a capable staff. In the official family was Commander Frank Taylor Evans, a replica of his famous father, Admiral "Fighting Bob." He and the young flag lieutenant

* From "Rig for Church" (Macmillan, \$2.00), to be published May 5.

ant, Mahlon "Tip" Tisdale, were always ready to help me, especially in my work with the general courtmartial prisoners who, for a time, were locked in a medieval dungeon. Being close to the admiral they helped me convince the stern "Tug" it was better to place the men in our own brig.

Mine was a job to be designed and built. Not having "taken over" from my predecessor, how to begin was a puzzle.

The thousands of sailors that crowded the streets of the town and manned the ships of the Breton patrol must know, I thought, where to find the chaplain. Being the only one on duty at the base, I asked Captain Henry Hough, the district commandant, for an office. But my varied duties—visiting three hospitals daily and boarding ships to interview the men—nullified the need of a desk except as a place to pick up messages.

The admiral heartily approved my going to sea. He said, "That's where a chaplain is needed—in the ships. Let the Y and the K. of C. look after men when they're ashore." Ministering to the sick and dying in the hospital, however, became my major task. During the influenza epidemic I rode in a motor-cycle sidecar on calls to the army camp at Pontenezan and to hospitals farther in the country. Nearly every afternoon I marched in the funeral cortège through the streets of Brest to the cemetery. The French bystanders stood reverently as we passed; the women making the sign of the cross while the men, with heads bowed, doffed their hats. During that fateful period, burials often took place at midnight, lest the French lose heart.

* * *

Whenever a lull came I sought a chance to spend a week in the convoys. My special pet was the coal-burning destroyer, *Smith*. Her commanding officer, Lieutenant Commander "Jakie" Klein, came to me one evening in the officers' mess and invited me to "take a ride." That was the beginning of a series of sea trips which endeared me to the Navy's better half—her ships and her sea-going men. Joining our Kelly-pool game, Klein drew me aside and whispered that his motor dory would be at the landing at three the following afternoon. With orders for temporary duty in the *Smith* and my heart dancing in my breast, the next day I hopped the little boat and "put-putted" across the bay. On the welldeck of the destroyer I found the tall, blue-eyed John Heffernan, the gunnery officer, and Richard L. Connolly, the chief engineer. They have since gone the long, hard way to important commands in the Fleet.

Like the other officers, I dressed in leather boots and sheepskin coat, worn over my service blues. For want of space, I slept on a cot in the wardroom, removing only my boots. Klein slept close by on a leather transom. Above his head, within a few inches of his quick ears, hung the

brass opening of a voice tube. The officer of the deck on the bridge at the other end of it had no respect for the skipper's need for sleep, whenever important news turned up in the night watches.

Our mission one day was to contact a convoy of cargo ships off the coast of England. At five-thirty in the morning I heard the officer of the deck calling to Klein.

"Wardroom. . . ." It startled me.

Klein, half awake, called back. "This is the captain."

"We have made contact with the convoy. I just saw a big splash. It may be a torpedo hit." He spoke each word distinctly.

"I'll be right up," said Klein. Then to me, with a lusty punch on my ribs, "Come on, padre, and see some action."

I pulled on my boots and followed him through the narrow passageway to the welldeck and up the ladder to the bridge. It was misty but we could see a merchantman sinking fast by the bow. The officer in command of the American flotilla ordered his destroyers to lay down a depth-charge barrage. Speeding in a wide circle, we raced like bloodhounds, dropping cans of TNT in the area where we hoped the U-boat was prowling.

While this breathtaking show was on, some one noticed a British destroyer lower its observation balloon. It was a strange maneuver at such a critical moment. A blue jacket on the welldeck thought he knew. I heard him shout. "The limey wasn't in the basket. . . 'E's below 'aving 'is dish of tea."

The following day we picked up a radio message stating that the transport *Mount Vernon*, passing through the same area, was torpedoed. It might have been different had the Britisher taken his tea aloft.

* * *

The *Smith* belonged to the legendary "dun-garee navy." Once she reached the wide savannahs of the deep, the "black gang" of the little coal-burner really became black. Like most destroyer crews, her men were cheerful and hard-working—all 'round fine shipmates. It was inspiring to chat with them when they came to topside for a "blow."

One day at sea they gave me a puppy, one of a pair a sailor carried back after a liberty in Brest. A coal passer yelled down the after hatch, "Hey, below, hand up the chaplain's dog." In a grimy fist a tiny pup appeared—black as pitch and just as sticky. With strong feelings of pride, I carried him to the wardroom and sought advice on a suitable name to give him. All agreed we should call him "Smitty."

When I returned to my room in the tender *Prometheus* at the end of that trip, I washed the little beast and discovered he was a quasi-Dalmatian. He became a favorite of the crew. For

a month or more, for his own good, Smitty was denied shore liberty. But one day he made his debut on the boulevard. I fastened on his new collar and carried him down the ladder to the boat. He seemed to like that, being still in his favorite element. But when we reached the boulevard and for the first time he saw little children who, he probably thought, were inhabitants of a strange world, he bolted and ran like the wind. Smitty had lived only with grown-ups. He had never seen anything so small or so lively as little boys. We gave chase and caught him only because his little legs were unaccustomed to long runs. That was Smitty's first and only liberty. He remained thereafter a dog of the sea.

The Weed Cutter

It is a race between me and the weeds—the strawberry plants our prize.

The army of the clover and the daisies comes up about me. They thicken and fold their hands together; they combine And tighten numberless roots against my fingers.

I strike and probe, knowing they are stronger today than yesterday.

Under my feet are the terrible green forces of the grass-stems.

They have coated the top of the field so that my tread says nothing,

And I am conscious of the power of this varied overcoat of earth—

Legionaries of the sun, their strength in their root-threads, Sprinkled with dock, and the wild radish, pigweed and the brown sheep sorrel,

Starred by the buttercups, threaded by the St. Johnswort, Truly an army with swords before them, the swords of the grass.

I blunder through them with weed-stained hands.

I cannot beat them, for though I open a space like widened water,

Still they put their roots out: they creep in.

And though this year, I win, another year there will be another war with the weeds.

But there can be no cleaner fight: the sun is our audience, Silence is our drink except for the pull and break of stems by the fingers.

The ache in the muscles is a tribute to their strength.

I have respect for them, since I have sought them out to the core

And have found strongness, patience, health, sharp scent, moist good roots.

I should be glad that I am disbanding their squadrons, their rows,

Doing away with the wind-billows, the green flashing in the sun,

But I know that it is for the moment; though I may seem to win, I am the loser.

DANIEL SMYTHE.

A Plea for War Aims

By GEORGES BERNANOS

THE greatest of writers have never had more than a few among their readers who gave them their complete trust, their total confidence. It is not for me to hope that I possess even such a few. Yet should such readers exist, I would like to tell them this today: that far from letting themselves be overwhelmed by the immense setbacks we have undergone in recent months, determined and thoughtful men—they are scattered throughout the world—should find instead in these disasters compelling motives for action and for hope, for the hour of these men will come at last. We can see but the ruins heaped up by the catastrophes that are taking place, we cannot yet know or foretell what new ways they are breaking open—but they are in fact breaking open new ways. When ill fortune has imprisoned men in some cavern and an earthquake has blocked all manner of escape, it is not difficult to excuse these prisoners for dreading any further shock, yet they can be saved only by the blind forces which imprisoned them, for they alone are capable of shifting in a few brief moments the thousands of tons of rock and mud that hold them in darkness. Or again it is most natural that inexperienced passengers should be angered with the captain who turns away from the shore and drives his ship straight out against the hurricane. But it is true nevertheless that they are wrong, that the drive of wind and sea is less perilous than the rock-bound shore. Once again it seems to me that I speak the language of simple common sense, of the most obvious and immediate common sense, but this language appears paradoxical to many people now that another language has become fashionable—the language of "realism," which is but a cynical parody of common sense, specially tailored for the use of the profiteers of politics and business by their accomplices, the intellectuals.

The greatest peril to our civilization up till now has not been that of being engulfed by the storm, but that of foundering miserably on the sands, for the Munich Democracies, resembling the companions of Ulysses, have always shown a very pronounced distaste for the high seas, that is to say for assuming responsibility, definite, irrevocable responsibility. Or, if I may express myself in other terms, I should say that having drawn up plans and established projects, they were ever unwilling to assume frankly and once for all the risks that these plans, these projects, necessarily involved; which means simply that they never appeared to desire seriously, with deep passion, anything whatsoever—and this when they were faced with a man of prodigious

avidity, with a sort of elementary genius, whose entire life is but desire and violence. The democracies, alas, have produced up to the present no genius, elementary or not. In the tragic circumstances in which they now find themselves I hope that the instinct of self preservation may furnish them with one.

* * *

Many months have gone by since I last had the privilege of speaking to Americans, and it seems that I am now in honor bound to go beyond, and deeper, than general remarks about the increasing rhythm of American production, or the gasoline shortage in the Reich, or the progress of armament. What is the use of always explaining to the reader the reasons we have for expecting to win the war when he knows perfectly well from the start that we will always take the greatest care to hide from him all the reasons we have for fearing that we will lose it? And I am no less skeptical as to the effectiveness of our perpetual moralizing and apologetics. Our cause is a just cause—of course—but we must know with precision exactly what cause we sustain if we are to know with an equal and definable certainty the nature, the grandeur and the extent of the obligations we are assuming in relation to the future—and that means in relation to the men who must live tomorrow. For the future will judge us by our acts, and if we fail to carry out what the future expects of us, if we fail to accomplish the task for which we were born, all our fine talk will not prevent the future from judging and damning us.

Merely to speak in such a vein already is a serious infringement of the rules of propaganda, for propaganda has its rules and they are as strict as those of classic French tragedy. Unhappily these rules draw their inspiration—at least in the main—from conceptions slightly alien to the tradition and spirit of my country. Never will a man born between the Seine and the Loire admit that a valid concept can be diffused by advertising slogans as if it were a tooth paste, or be launched by a campaign as if it were a loan. But why argue the point? Let people rationalize the mechanics of production; that is their affair, not mine; I have no objection. But in my field I should be failing in my duty were I to subordinate the free temper of my people to recipes and formulas. However modest may be my share of that intellectual and spiritual heritage which is common to all French people, I owe that share to those who read what I write; I may not pass them counterfeit coin. And therefore what I am sending to Americans today from Brazil is not what I think may please them: it is what I have on my mind. It is this.

At the present juncture of affairs there is not a friend of freedom who does not feel that with

the French army taken out of the fight something very important is missing in the world. Doubtless not because that army was braver than another, but because it had a military tradition and because a tradition based on sport, no matter how generous it may be, cannot take the place of a military tradition. The French army failed and we are burdened with that shame. Our children and our grandchildren will have to wipe out that shame, not in the manner of Vichy through contrition and penance, but with courage and the sword. Shame is with us, and misfortune, but that does not mean that the reasoning powers of Frenchmen may not unashamedly join in the common work of salvation. The problem is this: can that reason which is in France find means of expression, freedom from constraint?

Men will say that the crime committed by the Vichy government has placed all Frenchmen in a humiliating position in which they receive a great deal and have little left to give. But that is precisely why the French people now must give the most precious thing they still retain, why they must unreservedly give for the common good, that gift of clear perception, that lucid passion for truth, that feeling—unemphatic yet deep—for justice which throughout the centuries has made their people the most persuasive, the most adept at convincing others. Which brings me back to the matter of propaganda. As the war continues to unfold all that is implicit within it, following its own inflexible logic, it becomes ever more clear that it is destroying the whole structure of a propaganda system which dates back to 1914 and which now is as obsolete as the strategical conceptions which once—so long ago—inspired the men who built the Maginot Line. And French thought itself was prisoner to that system which it respected and did not understand. It was reputed to be revolutionary—it no longer dared even claim its true name which is that of liberator; it stood humbly and reverent before that famous “practicality” dear to Anglo-Saxon minds and which, after leading the democracies to Munich, today has fallen as low as its arrogance had been high.

Recently Sir Stafford Cripps in a remarkable speech declared that it was high time to define the aims of this war instead of eternally referring the public to the ancient history of Mr. Wilson's declarations. But it is in the name of “practicality” that month after month goes by and this indispensable definition remains unmade. “Let us commit ourselves as little as possible. If we wait, perhaps they will ask us for much less than we would be forced to promise today,” keep on repeating to themselves the men who have learned nothing since Munich. And their argument is imbecile in that it seeks to apply to world politics little tricks of the trial court and of the business world. It is as absurd

as to attempt to solve problems in Einsteinian physics with elementary arithmetic. I know and I grant that the poor stupid men to whom I allude are not as guilty as generally supposed. It is true that they do not want to define war aims but even if the wish were there, they would no doubt not be able to realize it—for it is entirely conceivable that up till now they have never even granted serious consideration to the matter.

They will have to start thinking now. With the fall of Singapore the Conservatives have spoken their parts. It is for new men to speak.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IT SEEMED BEST to pay the necessary visit to the registration place, and fulfill the duty required by the selective service law, on the morning visit to town; so it was agreed, after one of those conversations, at first so strange, now so ordinary, all about whether or not, and why, gasoline could be saved, and also tire-rubber, if the car should be used now, or later, or not at all.

As usual, we took the car. The registration was made, and the little card put carefully away, one more worry to a man always worried by formalities, and regulations, and laws, with its warning line: "The Law Requires You to Have This Card in Your Personal Possession at All Times." Should one have to have it in one's pyjama pocket by night? And suppose one lost it?—as probably would happen!

However, there were other errands to add to one's worries, including a visit to the library, and the news-dealer, and the grocery—where we could not get any sugar, for the week's cessation of sugar sales had begun in our Connecticut town a day before the time set elsewhere.

In the library, there was a brief talk, and somebody said: "Well, I hope the President finds somebody to give him the name for the war that he has been asking for. My suggestion is, that it will probably turn out to be called, 'The War of Regimentation.' That is, if Christian civilization ever returns to our world, and historians resume their work in liberty, and don't merely have to write what they are told to write by some government or other."

Leaving the library, the one who was having the experience herein described was obliged to wait by the curb for quite a while, until the traffic light turned green and it was safe to cross the street—Main Street, at this point, but really part of the Boston Post Road—that by night roars for miles of distance with the terrific cataract of trucks forever flowing through it; for many years it has been so, but now in war-time it is worse than ever. Even in day-time, as this morning, it is bad enough. My mind confused by the many unusual happenings of the morning—for ordinarily I would have been seated before my typewriter at that hour, trying to get my piece for this column written—was visited by one of the moods of loath-

ing for one's environment that, no doubt, most people experience every now and then; and which for one like myself, who never has been able to like motor cars, and gadgets of any type, and is a dumb-bell about machinery at its very best, comes quite frequently.

It was a feeling as if one were in a nightmare, only of course, and alas, it was real; all the anguish of a nightmare, and all the realization that you can't wake up and leave the anguish behind! Then, out of the rush and swirl of motor cars, many of them increasing their ordinary hideousness by adding the blaring of radios, there came something so soothing and strange that it seemed like a miracle of grace—but it was no miracle, it was really happening, for just then the traffic slowed down and the car from which the music came stopped opposite to me, and I was able to confirm the fact that from its radio, in the midst of all that hubble-bubble, was coming a passage of Gregorian chant—but from where, I do not know—for the stream of traffic loosened once more, and the car darted away.

But it came as a sort of blessed reminder of how the Church, that created the innermost and enduring force of our tottering western civilization, was still at work, and how none of the gadgets of the age, and none of its machinery, was necessarily bad, or good; but certainly could be used, if the Church so desired, and her human children were alert and alive to their opportunities. As, for example, the Maryknoll Fathers always have been, and still are, as their latest publication, "March Into Tomorrow," by Father John J. Considine, so vividly and so attractively illustrates, and proves. Here the devices of camera-craft, and of "promotional" typography, which have been so extensively developed in the service of money-making advertising, are employed superbly to set forth a wonderful story of Maryknoll's mission, and her missionaries, and the souls, to which her brave servants, the Fathers, the Sisters and the Brothers of Maryknoll, carry the light of the Faith, even as that light is being extinguished in so many lands where for ages it has shone. "March Into Tomorrow," indeed—that is the everlasting mission of the Church, for which Maryknoll is already, after its short history, the great light in our new world. The mission work is the greatest of all the great tasks of today.

Communications

FATHER COUGHLIN

Jacksonville, Florida

TO the Editors: When Mr. Michael Williams wrote one of his recent "Views and Reviews" (April 17) he, I think, had not read the statement of Monsignor Edward J. Hickey, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Detroit, published by the *Michigan Catholic* (April 2).

A Catholic paper is, by definition, one that is published under the supervision of proper Church authority. *Social Justice* is not under such supervision, and is, therefore, not a Catholic paper. Moreover, for nearly two years back

—since Father Coughlin's latest withdrawal from responsibility for *Social Justice* with the issue of May 17, 1940—no priest of this diocese has asked or received permission to contribute to *Social Justice*, and no priest of this diocese has been authorized to associate himself in any capacity with its publication or circulation—or, to the knowledge of this office, has actually done so. In a word, the Archdiocese of Detroit has no responsibility, direct or indirect, for *Social Justice* magazine.

That is clear: what puzzles me is why, up until now, *Social Justice* is believed by the man in the street to be a Catholic paper.

As for the anti-Semitism of *Social Justice*, which may influence American Catholics, it is necessary, I think, to remind them of the declaration of the Holy Office in Rome, of March 25, 1928. The occasion for it was given by a certain Roman association called "The Friends of Israel," which was dissolved for disciplinary reasons. Let me transcribe it in Latin as more authentic: "Qua caritate promota Apostolica Sedes eundem populum [Israeliticum] contra injustas vexationes protegit, et quemadmodum omnes invidias ac similitudines inter populos reprobant, ita vel maxime damnant odium adversus populum olim a Deo electum, odium nempe illud, quo vulgo 'antisemitismi' nomine nunc significari solet." ("Moved by the spirit of charity, the Apostolic See has protected the people [of Israel] against unjust prosecutions, and since it condemns all jealousy and strife among peoples, it accordingly condemns with all its might the hatred directed against a people which was once chosen by God, that particular hatred indeed which today commonly goes by the name of anti-Semitism.")

In any case, it is the duty of all Catholics to preach and practice the Christian universal brotherhood, even in time of war, or better, more in time of war than at any other time at all.

LUIGI STURZO.

TWO ARTICLES AND CAMPAIGN

Fort Lewis, Wisc.

TO the Editors: May I send my thanks for two magnificent articles appearing in recent issues of THE COMMONWEAL: "Lessons of European Catholicism," by Paule Berault, is particularly significant for us who are trying to save Catholicism in America.

"Inroads of the Bourgeois Spirit," by Reverend H. A. Reinhold, champions, among other things, Catholic writers like Georges Bernanos, Kate O'Brien, Graham Greene and Sigrid Undset, whose true artistry hasn't been adequately realized in this country.

Being but a private in this man's army, I haven't any material way of helping your drive for 1000 Associates, but I'll send all my moral support for its success, and this goes for my buddies to whom I pass on my copy of COMMONWEAL.

I have been a reader since a Notre Dame nun teaching me in high school introduced it to me, and all through college and graduate school it's been my treasured weekly.

(Pvt.) WILLIAM PETER WINTERS.

Central Aguirre, P. R.

TO the Editors: I commend your policy in which you give us the Spanish-American point of view through such writers as Clarence Finlayson and book reviews by Lulú Vargas Vila.

We North Americans should realize that in the past most of our opinions have been formed from reading "Yankee" writers with a very small insight into the Spanish-American point of view.

Please keep up the good work and let us hear from more writers born and bred in South America.

LEO R. O'NEILL.

The Stage & Screen

Sixteen Characters in Search of Action

HOLLYWOOD has learned much from the French movie makers. But Hollywood has contributed a great deal to cinema art and it shouldn't allow its French lessons to make it forget its own unexcelled technique of action. In planning "*Moontide*" Producer Mark Hellinger must have said, "Now we have a leading French star; let's do a film in the French manner." So Director Archie Mayo took him seriously, told his first-rate cast to underact, stuck into the film plenty of atmosphere dripping with shadows, fogs and Eugene O'Neill barroom scenes. John O'Hara also took him seriously and wrote, from Willard Robertson's novel, an oversimplified screenplay that is underwritten almost to the point of nothingness. The fine cast, including Jean Gabin, Ida Lupino, Thomas Mitchell, Claude Rains, got into the spirit of the thing, followed instructions as good actors should, gave us some unusually interesting characterizations and hoped for the best. Now "*Moontide*" is not really a bad film. Such a group could not turn out a worthless product. But it is interminably slow. One follows its characters as they are established, one waits for something to happen, one is dropped with a thud when practically nothing does. At the end its pent up emotions are still unreleased and the action is still delayed. The story is about Bobo (Gabin), a dock worker who drifts from job to job, a big hard-drinking bruiser who doesn't know his own strength and hasn't the mind to control his powerful hands. Tiny (Mitchell), a mean lug, holds a spell over Bobo by threatening to expose him to the police, makes the strong man do the hard labor while he collects the wages. But into the life of Bobo comes Anna (Lupino), who awakens a new tenderness in him. They fall in love. Bobo marries Anna, wants the home that this ex-hash slinger can make—a home that evil, greedy Tiny tries to wreck. Throughout this idyll, which isn't of course as simple as I've stated it, Bobo's friend, a night watchman (Rains), acts as Greek chorus and adviser. As the characters are slowly developed, we are treated to much symbolism, moody atmosphere, poetic and realistic sets and one excellent kaleidoscopic montage impression of Bobo on a big drunk. Comments like Rains's "The gypsy is dying; a peasant is being born" are very touching, but a little too arty. If

Hellinger had supplanted some of this pseudo-French artiness with fast cinematic action, he might have had an outstanding film in any language.

Movies that are mainly character studies can't fiddle around with half-way measures. They have to be highly entertaining or deeply penetrating. "*The Tuttles of Tahiti*" misses the mark on both scores. Since it is short on plot, it has little to offer but its characterizations, and these are not strong enough to carry us through an hour-and-a-half movie. The shiftless, irresponsible bunch of Tuttles—part native, part white, innumerable as they clamor and climb in and out of their ramshackle old house on the island, hold our attention for a while and then lose our interest. Some of the members stand out—a few of the youngsters, a very pretty girl in batiks, the toothless old grandmother who has a sense of dignity and honesty even among all the Tuttle squalor, and Jonas, the head of the clan. Charles Laughton plays Jonas as a lovable (you wonder why) scoundrel who leads and encourages the whole pack of harum-scarum Tuttles in their gambling, in their idling and in their spendthrift habits. They lose what money they have, they borrow, they waste, they come into a small fortune, they go on a spending spree, they are broke, they almost lose their house, they borrow, and we leave them more penniless than we first saw them. "The Tuttles were never meant to have any money," says Jonas. "All we have is fun." The story is based on Nordhoff's and Hall's "*Out of Gas*." Director Charles Vidor tried to get action into this study of a Tahitian Tobacco Road by including a cockfight, some beautiful shots of a storm, and a hilarious wedding party. Jon Hall is in the cast, but nary a stroke does Jon swim. Sol Lesser's production must get credit for one thing in particular. Instead of a glamorous Hollywood Tahiti, he shows us a cheap, realistic south seas locale that will astound the grass-skirt hula school.

"*The Great Man's Lady*" is built on a good idea—tell the real story of the woman who was the brains and force behind the successful hero whose statue is being dedicated. But somehow this effective outline got lost in the flimsy script that was mauled over by too many writers and made into a pretentious film by Producer-Director William A. Wellman. We first see Hanna Sempler as a very old woman on the anniversary of the birthday of that great American, Senator Ethan Hoyt. Then through a series of flashbacks we learn how Hanna was the unrecognized inspiration and worker for this glorification of a selfish, unworthy fake. Barbara Stanwyck portrays the courageous Hanna from her young womanhood in stuffy Victorian Philadelphia of 1848, through the pioneering days of the West, right up to the present in Hoyt City. The film's main faults are its dragging pace and the slighting of all its characters except the vivid Hanna. Joel McCrea does practically nothing with the rôle of Pioneer Hoyt; Brian Donlevy does a great deal with the part of a gambling friend devoted to Hanna. But the rôles are so poorly written that one can hardly blame the actors for being unable to project living people. The dullness of this film should recall cinema lesson number one: moving pictures must move.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

America's Geo-politics

America's Strategy in World Politics. Nicholas John Spykman. Harcourt. \$3.75.

IN SPITE of its title, this book by a distinguished analyst of international relations is not a book on the techniques or declared aims of the United States in the war now being waged over the world. It is rather a sustained geo-political argument on what the policy might be; an analysis, in terms of geography, economics and military vantage, of the position of the United States as a World Power; and presentation of peace aims in terms of geographic power balances. Although he admits that the struggle for power is not the only factor, Dr. Spykman regards it as by far the most effective factor in modern warmaking. His first chapter and his conclusion are closely reasoned expositions of a pragmatic theory of foreign policy.

Two major questions absorb his attention: what is the power position of the United States in the world especially as affected by the new methods and the possible outcome of this war? If the Axis Powers were to be successful elsewhere, could the United States maintain its position in terms of hemisphere solidarity and defense? Many readers will be startled during the discussion of the first question to realize how effective the "encirclement" of the United States to East and West and South might be. Others may be surprised to realize how much of the war "potential" of South America lies in the area beyond the present range of our military operations, or in countries opposed to our policies on that continent. Most readers will be grateful for the explanation as to why the defense of the Atlantic coast is more imperative than that of the Pacific, and for the analysis of the varying importance of naval and air bases, navies, airplanes, coastal defense and industrial power in the immediate problem of defense. Good maps and statistical appendices support a strong argument.

Evaluation of this book will depend ultimately on the point of view of the critic. It is likely that there will be general acceptance of the facts which are stated and restated at various stages of the argument. It is also likely that many persons who disagree with the pragmatic philosophy of the author will nevertheless accept the majority of his conclusions but for different reasons. Incidental judgments and minor theses will cause the most controversy. He thinks, for example, that Great Britain must always oppose the possession and control of the opposite side of the channel by a great power, but believes the defense of Poland was a mistake in power politics. He thinks Russia should have been accepted as a power without reference to its internal or its international economic or social policies, and that it should be very greatly aided now, because it should not be isolated from world developments any more than should the United States which cannot escape the effect of its potential power upon other world problems. He believes that China must be supported now, but that in the future it may very well be Japan which must be aided against a greater China. He believes that buffer states have lost their usefulness and "viability" as a result of the use of airplane in warfare, and he would therefore "debalkanize" Europe by creating larger units to balance Germany and Russia. He believes that European federation or

continental integration would be contrary to American interests. He is cynical about the results of inter-American collaboration, which has produced resolutions on the beauties of solidarity without much practical application, and he looks upon the League of Nations as another and ineffective means for maintaining the balance of power. Many friends of the League would agree that this was its weakest function, for the very reason that several great powers were absent from the consultations, but would point to its effective accomplishments in social and economic activities. Some persons and groups would agree that moral arguments for fighting are used only to produce changes in power, and have little to do with the real aims of war; but there are others, and they must be legion, who look upon war as a symptom of moral disorder, and see power as a means which must be subordinated to the general welfare of human beings. To them fighting is the last-ditch defense of the moral order. They will take issue with some conclusions in this work; but they ought to read it. ELIZABETH M. LYNSEY.

FICTION

And Down the Days. John Louis Bonn. Macmillan. \$2.50.

THIS is an absorbing novel based on the life of Elsa St. John, a daughter of the notorious imposter Maria Monk. It follows Elsa's career from the days of her pitiful childhood in the New York slums, when her mother, recently exposed as a bad character by William Stone of the *Commercial Advertiser*, was drinking herself to death and torturing her children, through girlhood in Dutchess County with God-fearing Protestant relations and womanhood in Paris. Never for a moment does the reader lose sight of the inner struggle of a shrewd, impulsive, scheming person who flies into rages or breaks into strange wild prayer, who extorts vast sums of money from men shipping contraband goods to this country, or from others covetous of honors at the court of Napoleon III; and never for a moment does the author's sympathy for the woman's plight seem to lag. "No man can judge the scheme of the pursuant mercy of God," he insists as he describes a soul that fled God "down the nights and down the days" until, finally despoiled of all things, it was His.

This is no pious chronicle. The writer has no more patience with the "perpetual parlor penitent who drags a priest through her repertory of troubles . . . prays like a seraph and has the charity of Beelzebub," than has the devout layman, a cousin of the Montalamberts, with whom the widowed Elsa falls in love in Paris. Nor is it a soul's story without a setting, for, although one might wish for a more sharply pointed narrative, for scenes vividly painted rather than alluded to, the atmosphere is admirably built up, and one lays the book down with the feeling of having lived through the days of Know-Nothingism in this country and the decadence that preceded the Franco-Prussian War in Paris. Here is another sign that American writers are discovering the romance implicit in many periods of our history.

D. H. MOSELEY.

Payment Deferred. C. S. Forester. Little, Brown. \$2.50.

NOW American admirers of C. S. Forester's exciting books of adventure can read one of his earlier novels (1926) which is published here for the first time and which has a much different hero than the popular Cap-

tain Hornblower. From the very beginning of the book one can easily understand Charles Laughton's interest which led him to portray this character in both the stage and screen versions of "Payment Deferred." This apparently ordinary, middle-class person who illustrates that things are not always what they seem, and the macabre events that take place in this poky, stuffy suburban dining room are just the type and setting that would appeal to Mr. Laughton's unusual talents.

Although this short, lively book reads quickly, it is the source of much fuss about an unimportant London bank clerk who commits a murder (it is not a mystery) and then spends the rest of his days pursued by an obsession of fear—fear of detection through spending the victim's money and because he is afraid to leave unguarded the tiny garden plot where the body is buried. The ending is almost too ironical. Mr. Forester writes his whole novel as if he were laughing at his unfortunate characters; Mr. and Mrs. Marble, their children and the *femme* who proves so *fatale* to Marble. Although \$2.50 is a high price for this obviously dashed-off early effort, it does furnish some good escapist entertainment.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Mass of Brother Michel. Michael Kent. Bruce. \$2.50.

IN SOME RESPECTS, "The Mass of Brother Michel" bears the stamp of the Middle Ages rather than the Renaissance and the time of the Huguenot troubles in southern France, its actual setting. The delicate archaism of the illustrations interprets admirably the tone of the novel so far as the characterizations set that tone—the simple, straight lines of villainy or innocence, the telling, economical strokes of some charming *genre* sketches and of shrewd caricature. Time, setting and characters—except for Michel—are, however, only incidental to the theme. And the power of that theme stands out boldly independent of the stylization which sometimes detracts from the narrative.

The heart of the story is the spiritual growth of Michel, who mounts from a blithe enough worldliness through pain, disappointment, aspiration and heroism to the mystical priesthood of his consuming desire. To say even so much is to suggest that we have here a more moving theme than the usually absorbing one of the conversion of a worldling to the religious life. Michel stands apart from his countless brothers of medieval and later literature by reason of his longing to attain the sacred office closed to him by the crippling that added mental anguish to cruel physical suffering. Beautifully profitable for meditation are the steps in Brother Michel's triumph over double pain until the chill morning of the prison Mass that was to have been only the reverent chanting of the prayers. These Michel had learned to his solace and had made the joyous accompaniment of his trips to and from market; now when there was no priest at hand, these could he offer in the hope that the great High Priest would accept and make whole the imperfection. To that scene all the finest parts of the novel have been directed; and it is nobly done. With the little band awaiting martyrdom we are permitted to say: "It is true. It was He . . . In His hands we saw the marks of the nails." Surely priests will rejoice in the dedication of the book to them; and other readers will be glad to meditate on its many invitations to spiritual awareness.

OLIVE B. WHITE.

BIOGRAPHY

Jefferson. Saul K. Padover. Harcourt. \$4.00.

IT IS but fair to credit Mr. Padover with having written in the present volume the best life of Jefferson yet presented by an American author. Somewhat more impartial (if contemporary events be taken into consideration) while equally readable and more thorough, is the "Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson," by Francis W. Hirst, an Englishman, which appeared in the middle twenties. Both books furnish a portrait of the man as well as an exposition of his ideas, and both are agreed in according him a high place in the school of eighteenth century liberalism. That philosophy, as yet uncontaminated by the arrival of the "great industry," distinguishes itself from the later liberalism of the nineteenth century by its greater emphasis upon idealism as opposed to self-interest. Mr. Padover makes this point neatly when he comments upon Jefferson's substitution of "the pursuit of happiness" for "property" in the trilogy of *desiderata* acclaimed by the Declaration of Independence. It is perhaps one characteristic of his approach that he sees in the great Declaration a prose poem—and indeed it does not read badly in the semi-metrical shape he has devised for it.

But Jefferson, while an idealist, had his very practical side, and it would be a mistake to insinuate that his latest biographer ignores it.

Among great men or merely well-known individuals it is a fascinating study to inquire which embody best the characteristics of the country or nation in which they attained distinction. One cannot easily picture Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, Walt Whitman—less certainly Andrew Jackson—against any but an American background. In a later generation perhaps the same can be said of Mark Twain, Will Rogers and Calvin Coolidge. Jefferson does not belong with these. Although quite certainly yielding to none of them in love of his country and belief in its destinies, his culture was of too cosmopolitan a type to permit of his complete identification with the soil from which he sprang. In his tastes most resembling Franklin, his beliefs and ideals more nearly coincide with those of Lincoln. Lincoln himself recognized this, and Mr. Padover cannot understand why Jefferson's First Inaugural has never been accepted by his fellow-countrymen as belonging in the same category with Lincoln's famous addresses. Many parallels could be pointed to in the attitudes of the two men toward public office and their behavior therein, Lincoln's stemming from natural impulse and early experience while Jefferson's derived from a more consciously considered philosophy of life.

Is there another comparison at the back of the author's mind? He stresses (quite correctly) Jefferson's antagonistic attitude towards the judiciary; he singles out for high praise Jefferson's sympathy for the young republics of South America and the part played by him in bolstering up the courage of the vacillating Monroe to the point of proclaiming the doctrine now called by his name; and he displays a fondness for reiterating the epithet "That man!" none too affectionately applied to Jefferson by the wealthy and influential of his day. On the other hand he makes no attempt to minimize Jefferson's opposition to a presidential third term. Nowhere in the book does he mention the present occupant of the White House.

Mr. Padover may be criticized for passing over very lightly the constitutional question involved in the Louisiana Purchase, and for a similar rather summary disposal

of the embargo policy and its effects. It is as an administrator, of course, that Jefferson is most open to criticism, although few can be found today to disagree with his acquisition of the Louisiana territory, whether strictly constitutional or not. His record as a legislator in the field of his native Virginia, comprising such accomplishments as the repeal of entail, the abolition of primogeniture, the establishment of religious freedom, and the creation of a public school system (to be crowned at the close of his life by the founding of the University of Virginia) is sufficient to establish his title as a statesman, and it is upon these achievements, together with the part he played in securing the independence of the new nation, that he himself based his claim for remembrance by posterity.

The reader who is in search of more personal information of the man Jefferson will find much to his liking in these pages. Warm-hearted undoubtedly he was, devoted to his family and friends. While widely accounted an agnostic, he had a child-like faith in a reunion with his loved ones after death. A politician, but not a public speaker, and shy in all but his intimate contacts. De-

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voted equally to reading and cultivating his farm at Monticello. Without vices, but generally in debt. What did he think of some of his great contemporaries? Of Washington, after an unqualified eulogy of his character, he says: "I had more confidence than he had in the natural integrity and discretion of the people, and in the safety and extent to which they might entrust themselves with a control over their government." Of Hamilton—well, we know what he thought of him, but he was sorry to see him go. Jackson, strangely enough in view of their joint beatification as saints of the Democratic Party, he thought a dangerous man. Madison was his oldest friend, the most inveterate of his disciples, but would hardly have assented to his expressed belief that a revolution once in twenty years or so would be a healthy thing for the states.

One time-honored legend that used to be (if it is not still) in every schoolbook history described how Jefferson rode to his inauguration on horseback. If he had, it would have been on a very fine horse, for Jefferson was an excellent judge of horseflesh, but Mr. Padover will have none of it. Jefferson, he says, *walked* from his boarding-house through the indescribable Washington mud to that auspicious event. It is permissible to think that the Professor should have cast historical accuracy to the winds and left Jefferson his horse!

J. K. PAULDING.

In No Strange Land. Katherine Burton. Longmans. \$2.50.

THIS COLLECTION includes short biographies of American converts from the early nineteenth to the early twentieth century. It deals with the lives of conversions of Levi Silliman Ives, Sarah Peter, Sophia Dana Ripley, Orestes Brownson, Cornelia Peacock Connolly, the Paulist group of Isaac Hecker, Francis Baker, Clarence Walworth, George Deshon, and Augustine Hewit; James Kent Stone, Ira Dutton, John Bannister Tabb, Lucy Smith, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Lewis Thomas Wattson, Marion Gurney, Wilmoth Alexander Farmer, and Selden Peabody Delany.

Miss Burton has performed a service by identifying some of the early ones, such as Isaac Hecker, Sophia Dana Ripley and Orestes Brownson, with the transcendental movement in American literature. It is true, as she points out in the introduction, that the excellent accounts of the great New England literary era by such men as Van Wyck Brooks fail to note the important fact that in their flight from the rigors of Calvinism the truth-seekers not only examined Catholicism but some of them actually adopted it. It is heartening to see that, though the Protestant sectarians were rather chilly toward the few Catholics who had filtered into New England, the Brahmins were not so hostile. These conversions were triumphs of logic in the New England mind, whose dourness has never effaced its moral integrity.

In her introduction Miss Burton says of the Calvinists who left their belief for a less troublesome humanitarianism that "their tragedy, and the tragedy of all whom they so profoundly influenced, is that the humanitarianism they thought so satisfying proved to be merely human, and their worship of God grew less and less important to them as love of man became more and more important." Yet her biographies all concern people whose love of God, whatever their creeds, was undoubted.

One is impressed with the charity and good-will of these who, with the possible exception of Brownson, were

without bombast. It is interesting that many found not only their own spiritual home in their new faith, but also the moral and material support to carry out some program of constructive social betterment in which they were interested. Mother Connolly worked for educational improvement among English girls, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop spent her energies among the cancerous poor of New York, Mother Marianne (Marion Gurney) has devoted a busy life to the spiritual and material improvement of the underprivileged children of foreign-born parents, and Ira Dutton (Brother Joseph) was the invaluable assistant to Father Damien on Molokai. The most admirable practical gift which Catholicism seemed to give to these people was the strength to work unobtrusively among the humble without thought of publicity or reward.

BARBARA GORMAN.

SCIENCE

Psychoanalytical Method and the Doctrine of Freud. Roland Dalbiez. Longmans. \$9.00.

IN TWO scholarly volumes Dr. Roland Dalbiez presents, for candid consideration, the psychoanalytical concepts of Sigmund Freud. With clear precision the author brings order out of confusion by insisting upon separate evaluations of Freud's philosophy, psychology, method and doctrine. The practical importance of such a procedure is obvious. Like many other pioneers of thought, Freud overshot his mark. By their very nature, his clinical concepts of psychopathology belong to the field of *mental medicine*. Had he been content to leave them there, psychoanalysis would be on a different footing today. Unfortunately Freud projected these concepts into the unrelated fields of theology, religion, philosophy, art and morality. Nothing remained which could not be interpreted in such terms as the id, the ego, the subconscious or the pleasure-pain principle. The result is a chaotic ensemble which would be enraging were it not so ridiculous.

Many investigators who have been attracted by Freud's theories on dreams, inhibited acts or the neuroses, throw up their hands when informed by him that religion proceeds from the Oedipus complex, that in the moral field man *never* acts intelligently, that freedom of choice is an illusion, that science is the sum total of knowledge or that esthetics are derived from "the realm of sexual satisfaction." Such flights of fancy are presented as *ex cathedra* pronouncements. Indeed as Dr. Strauss remarks (in his introduction to Dalbiez) "The psychoanalytical movement . . . has come to resemble a cult more than a scientific discipline. It has its canonical literature, its apocryphas, its orthodoxies and heterodoxies, its inquisitors and its apostolic succession."

For the Catholic, it is clear that the religious views, ethical concepts and much of Freud's philosophy are untenable. This is not alone on the basis of the atheistical empiricism displayed but also on that of logical thinking. In this latter respect, it would appear illogical to assume (with the Freudians) that a theory of pathological human behavior can be naïvely applied as an explanation for *all other* phases of life.

However, the fact that Freud is neither a theologian, a moralist or a philosopher should not blind us to his importance as a psychiatrist. For those who can disentangle his medical contributions from his tangential vagaries there remains much of value. Indeed the psychiatrist who applies (especially in certain repression

neuroses) their Freudian interpretations, will be amazed how frequently they are confirmed by experience and therapeutic procedure.

It is this distinction, between Freud's doctrine and method, that Dr. Dalbiez has demonstrated so clearly. The result should be a better understanding of what must always remain a great achievement in the field of psychiatric research.

ANNETTE C. WASHBURN, M.D.

POLITICS

The Great Republic. Ross J. S. Hoffman. Sheed and Ward. \$2.25.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS is dead, and few were the mourners that attended its requiem. The notice of its passing scarcely caused a ripple in a world flooded with war. Even those of us who matured in the 'twenties, and indulged in sophomoric oratory extolling its necessity, hardly shed a tear at its demise. The mounting tempo of disintegration ravaged it in the 'thirties, and its successive failures in Manchuria, Ethiopia and Spain prepared its body for interment. All too late we became conscious that its sickness was congenital and that deadly germs were implanted in its body at birth when it was nursed at Versailles. Now in the throes of another world catastrophe, the full significance of its passing is beginning to appear. The League of Nations is dead, but must we not cry: Long live the League!

These thoughts are brought into focus by this historical essay entitled "The Great Republic." Professor Hoffman undertakes an autopsy of the League in the form of an examination of the hereditary factors influencing its decay. He does not attempt a detailed discussion of the problems arising at Geneva; this has been done many times. He tries to go beyond to the roots of its failure. This he finds to be a disregard of the common historical traditions and ethical principles that alone can form the basis of a lasting Association of Nations. The makers of the League failed because they neglected the historical realities that produced the Western world and planned the future without reference to the politically possible. They recognized no social and political factor that transcended the sovereign individual state. They assumed a universalism which did not exist and cannot exist until the world has been formed in one spiritual mould. Dr. Hoffman draws a parallel: it is now admitted that parliamentary government will not operate where there is no generally accepted agreement on basic issues among the citizens of a state; where this is absent, the struggle of parties for concrete and material advantage dissolves into revolutionary disorder, and the parliamentary system breaks down. This is what happened in post-war Italy and Germany. Dr. Hoffman sees the same process at work at Geneva, where the parliamentary principle was applied to a medley of states that had no common foundation.

The author rightly stresses the primary need of turning back the new paganism which has shaken our modern world. When this is done, he would have us build our peace structure on a base that is historically sound. He attempts to unfold the only valid foundation for a future League by sketching the efforts to unify Europe since the days of the Holy Roman Empire. He is impatient with those who would disregard the historic states of Europe, and build the new world according to a formula born of their dreams. He has no sympathy for the extravagances of an "American Century" or for

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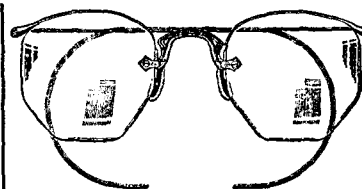
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the vision of a peace secured by a dominant Anglo-American fleet. The only sound starting point would be the "great republic" of Christendom or Western Europe, which still exists though "enormously expanded, transformed, secularized, rent by schisms, diluted in the quality of its spirit, but by no means denatured." It is "bound in a deep unity by an intricate network of cultural, economic, religious, moral, intellectual and religious ties." In its survival and recovery lies the hope of the future.

Dr. Hoffman is no easy optimist; he is acutely conscious of the obstacles ahead. Nor does he give us a nicely drawn blueprint of the new order; he is too much of a realist for that. The very compactness of his book will prove a disappointment to those minds who like their future as neatly ordered as the objects in milady's boudoir. A year ago I spent a rainy morning with a group of college students and their faculty advisers who were arranging a regional peace meeting. I marvelled at the ease with which they included or rejected the various proposals for the world beyond the war. This volume should help them, and other sincere spirits, to dig a little deeper before they begin to build. If it does, there may yet be time to preserve the Christian civilization of the West.

JOSEPH N. MOODY.

PHILOSOPHY

The Dictionary of Philosophy. Edited by Dagobert D. Runes. Philosophical. \$6.00.

A NEW and up-to-date dictionary of philosophy in English has been needed for a long time. Since the publication of Baldwin's "Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology" some forty years ago, new dictionaries in French and German have been published. The aim of the present volume, according to the editor's preface "is to provide teachers, students and laymen interested in philosophy with clear, concise and correct definitions of the philosophical terms, throughout the range of philosophic thought." The list of contributors of articles to this dictionary includes seventy-two names, approximately two-thirds being members of the American Philosophical Association. Nine of the contributors are Catholics, among them members of the faculties of the Catholic University, St. Louis University, and of Fordham University.

A feature of the "Dictionary" is the prominence given to the various philosophies of the Orient. A great many of the articles on the terms of these philosophies, however, are so brief as to be of questionable benefit to the reader.

It is also evident that an effort has been made to deal with the principal men and topics of medieval and scholastic philosophy. Here again the extreme brevity of many of the articles renders them of doubtful value. In addition it must be said that several of the articles on these topics are inaccurate and should not be taken as authoritative.

It is obvious that a prime consideration in the evaluation of a work of this kind must be the character and scholarly qualifications of the editor and contributors. In this connection the non-professional reader should be informed that ten of the contributors have recently made public a statement in which it is declared that they objected to the publication of the work in its present form on the grounds that the dictionary should have been very materially revised before publication. The signers of this statement (see *The Journal of Philosophy*,

Vol. XXXIX, No. 5: Feb. 26, 1942, p. 139, and No. 7: March 26, 1942, p. 195-196) also declare that they "cannot always accept responsibility for . . . individually signed articles, since in some cases changes have been made without the approval of the author concerned."

While there are many excellent articles in the present dictionary, it is plain that, as a whole, the work does not fill the need for an authoritative and contemporary dictionary of philosophy. The present reviewer, therefore, is in agreement with the ten contributors who have found it necessary to declare their disapproval of the work as it stands. This is all the more regrettable in view of a number of good individual articles contained in the dictionary.

WILLIAM O'MEARA.

BELLES LETTRES

For Hilaire Belloc: Essays in Honor of his Seventy-first Birthday. Edited by Douglas Woodruff. Sheed and Ward. \$2.75.

THE GENIAL CUSTOM of dedicating a collection of monographs on related subjects to a man whom the respective authors consider their master in the field is here exemplified in a volume of interesting notes, both historical and critical. Mr. Belloc richly deserves some sort of tribute from the world of letters and the Catholic scholars and critics herein represented are Belloc's spiritual sons and sealed of his tribe as manifestly as were ever the sons of Ben Jonson. They represent a second generation of the leading ideas whereof he was the pioneer and first propagandist.

There may be more important work in this volume, but the piece that is most delightful is a prim-mouthed, open-eyed study by Ronald Knox, entitled, "The Man Who Tried to Convert the Pope." It is witty and suave as always and brings up the inevitable lament that Monsignor Knox does not write oftener. Christopher Hollis contributes a neat essay on Anthony Trollope's concept of religion and J. B. Morton writes on André Chénier. The solid, historical meat includes several studies on minor, historical subjects, "The Pre-Conquest Saints of Canterbury," "The Piety of Cecily, Duchess of York," and so forth. A long essay on the "Myth of Arthur" by David Jones discusses the nature-deity theory of the Arthurian legend in connection with all its later forms, and dresses up what might have been nothing more than a mere dissertation in all the poetic character of Meredithan prose.

Mr. Douglas Jerrold's introductory essay is the only one which deals explicitly with Mr. Belloc and his influence. To my mind, one of the best essays ever written on this subject was contributed some years ago to the *London Mercury* by that sensitive and neglected critic, Mr. Osbert Burdett. He maintained that the key to an understanding of Belloc's theory of history is a close reading of "Europe and the Faith" as a sort of general principle underlying all the Bellocian theses, and Mr. Jerrold's essay adds little to this view. When all is said and done, for all the sneering of graduate-school historians, Belloc did more in our time to rectify the misconceptions of English historians than did any other man. And his prose style alone would give him a tight grip on literary immortality. In Burdett's appropriate words, "His style . . . is less a literary creation than a current of pure English. It is prose that asks to be read delightfully aloud. Its roots go back far. It is in the tradition of the orators."

J. G. E. HOPKINS.

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Educational Directory (I)

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